THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

June, 1802.

DESCRIPTION OF THE THUILLERIES.

[With a Plate.]

THIS superb building, once the residence of all the pomp and magnificence of royalty, since the fatal scene of revolutionary turbulence, anarchy, and murder, and now the abode of the First Consul of the French Republic, takes its name from the tile-kilns *(tuileries)* which formerly occupied the ground on which it now stands.

It is situated behind the antient palace of the Louvre, to which it is joined by a long gallery, celebrated for containing one hundred and eighty models of fortresses situated in France, and other countries, and executed by the artists with uncommon accuracy. It is composed of one range of buildings, with a dome in the middle, and a pavilion at each extremity. The large space in front is divided into three courts, the whole adorned with columns, pilasters, and various ornaments. In the rear of the palace are pleasant and extensive gardens, tastefully laid out in fine walks, planted with evergreens, and embellished with parterres. The beauty of the gardens is considerably heightened by three fountains, and an octagonal canal. The terrace, toward the river Seine, is one of the most charming walks in Europe, planted with three rows of trees, above one hundred perches long, and eighty-four broad, commanding a most delightful prospect over the adjacent country.

On the bank of the river, beyond the Thuilleries, is the place distinguished by the name of *Le Cours*, composed of four rows of elms, eighteen hundred paces in length, and

View of the Palace of the Thuilleries with the First Consul going to attend Divine

forming three avenues, which, taken together, are one hundred and twenty feet in breadth. The avenue in the centre, which is the broadest, affords sufficient space for six coaches to pass a-breast. In the midst of the *Cours* is a large ring, encompassed with trees, at the same distance from each other as in other parts of the walks.

The palace contains a magnificent theatre, and a chapel remarkable for the elegance of its internal decorations. The Elysian Fields, situated near the gardens, are a very considerable addition to the magnificence and accommodations of the whole.

When Catherine de Medicis conceived the idea of erecting the building, she employed Philip de L'Orne as the architect, who has, both by the plan and the execution, raised himself to the highest degree of eminence in the art. The ionic order on the ground floor has been long and deservedly admired as a *chef-d'œuvre.* The stair-case, which was allowed to be the second excellence of the structure, was taken away by Lewis XIV., who has been reproached for that measure, although it became necessary to his plan for the completion of the work, since it obstructed the view to the gardens. The front is, indeed, extended to more than twice its original length, and the building is raised a whole story; but, though these improvements have a very fine effect at a distance, the eye, when near, instantly distinguishes the old work from the new, not so much by its decay, as by its superior elegance.

The celebrated Andrew le Notre laid the first design of the gardens of the Thuilleries; and, had they been completed according to his plan, they would have rivalled those of Versailles. They are, however, in their present state, very elegantly, as well as commodiously, laid out. The walk of the Great Terrace cannot be easily equalled: it affords a variety of pleasant prospects of the Seine, the city, and the surrounding country. The view from the principal entrance of the building combines, at once, the grand and the delightful.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY'S LAP-DOG;

In which will be included the History of several Characters, accurately drawn from real Life.

[Continued from p. 343.]

ELATED with the success of this artful manœuvre, Mrs. Vansitart hastened into her daughter's room; when, after exulting in the sagacity of her own inventions, she disclosed the secret of her embassy in Mr. Lambert's words. The delighted Amelia listened with rapture to her mother's unexpected yet animating tale; and, after expressing her gratitude for the ingenious contrivance, begged to be instructed in what manner she should conduct herself when he came.

As the young lady had always pretended to an extreme portion of sensibility, it was thought expedient, in this instance, to display a proper share; and, when Mr. Lambert made a personal declaration of his attachment, to express her apprehensions that it was not sincere: but that, instead of affection having directed his conduct, it had arisen from a desire to shield her from the censure of the world: this, she allowed, was a most refined species of generosity, and she was too sensible of its magnanimity to treat him with reserve; for, if she was to accept the hand that was offered from motives of compassion, she should expect to be treated with that indifference she deserved.--- She then concluded this display of well-acted refinement, by saying, that she would rather brave the world's ill-nature, than impose upon such generosity, by becoming his wife.

This striking proof of apparent delicacy of sentiment must have been delightful to a man whose own feelings were refined, and he thought he must enjoy a most valuable treasure in marrying a woman who possessed such an incomparable mind. A few protestations on the part of the lover were sufficient to remove the scruples the lady entertained, and the most splendid preparations were making

for the nuptials when I first became an inmate of Mr. Lambert's house.

A few days before the ceremony, I had the honour of being introduced to my intended mistress, to whom I could not help taking a rooted dislike; for, though she was profuse in her caresses before Mr. Lambert, yet the moment he quitted the room, she said that I was an ugly little whelp, and declared she would not suffer any favourites in the family, as she was determined to possess the whole of his regard. Though this declaration gave me the most unfavourable opinion of Miss Vansitart, yet it did not excite the slightest alarm, as I recollected the solemn promise Mr. Lambert had made my mistress a very short period before her death.

Though all the servants had a sumptuous treat on the day of the wedding, and were permitted to invite a large party of their friends, yet the character they had heard of their new mistress was too unamiable for a single individual among them to rejoice; and, when the bride and bridegroom returned from their excursion to Tunbridge, I did not observe that one countenance welcomed them with a smile. I, however, endeavoured to testify the pleasure I felt at the sight of my master, by frisking and bounding before his feet; when, taking me up in his arms, he presented me to Mrs. Lambert, and implored her to be kind to me for his beloved sister's sake.

"Oh!" replied she, stroaking me with indifference. "my heart is not quite so capacious as you may suppose; and if I love you, I think, it will certainly be sufficient, without throwing away my affections upon animals like these."

Whether this was the first time she had ever displayed any symptoms of her real character, or whether he was particularly hurt that a favourite of his sister's should have been treated with such contempt, I cannot pretend to say; but he appeared too much disconcerted to be capable of making any reply: and, putting me down, he enquired whether

whether the housekeeper should attend her, to know whether she chose to have any alterations made in her room.

As every part of the house had been fitted up by Seddon, upon Mr. Lambert's arrival from the east, he had no conception that it was possible to make an objection to a single article of the furniture, which was completely elegant, and entirely to his taste. This opinion, however, happened unfortunately to be erroneous; for scarcely one individual thing was approved.---The furniture in one room was too heavy, in another too expensive; and she seemed determined to find fault with every thing in the house.

Had this dissatisfaction merely been attached to inanimate objects, my master's temper was so amiable that it might have been borne; but she soon began to express her dislike to those domestics, to whom, from their fidelity, he felt himself endeared; and was continually tormenting him by requiring their dismissal, and intreating him to take others whom she might recommend. To have complied with a request so completely unreasonable would have been no less unjust than weak; yet, whenever he refused to yield to her caprices, she always made a point of feigning herself sick: and thus, by the art of appealing to his feelings, generally succeeded in her design. The retaining servants, however, who had always served him with fidelity he considered as a matter of principle, from which persuasion ought not to suffer him to depart; and he positively assured her, that, unless they behaved disrespectfully, he never would turn them out of their place.

Though Mrs. Vansitart's income had been extremely limited, yet she had suffered her daughter to acquire a fondness for unbounded expence; and though Mr. Lambert's fortune might justly be termed affluent, yet it was shocking to think of the enormous sums she lavished upon dress. It was in vain that he remonstrated upon the impropriety of such extravagance, and pointed out objects upon whom her money would be so much better applied; for, whenever he attempted to interfere in what she termed her own department, she reproached him with wanting

that

that affection which she felt in such an extreme; and the conversation generally terminated by her complaining of his not feeling that strength of attachment for her which her tenderness deserved. Never were reproaches uttered with greater injustice than those which my mistress unceasingly made; for the constant assurances she gave of attachment to my master made the most striking impression upon his grateful heart, and he in reality experienced all that tenderness towards her which she with so much artifice pretended to feel.

Though genuine affection is always studying the happiness of its object, yet, still, Mr. Lambert was duped by her appearance of regard; and, to prevent her from being unhappy at his occasional absence from his family, relinquished the society of most of his dearest friends, who, disgusted with her imperious behaviour towards them, absolutely refused to visit at the house. It was not that Mrs. L. had a dislike to company; on the contrary she never passed a day alone: but she could not bear the society of any of those characters for whom her husband professed a regard. I was no less an object of her aversion; and, whenever Mr. Lambert was absent, suffered severely from her caprice. If he ventured to caress me in her presence, she used to load me with the appellation of a treacherous little thief, who robbed her of a portion of that tenderness which ought exclusively to belong to herself. Sometimes my master would smile at this selfish proof of affection; at others endeavour to convince her that it must lessen his regard; but always concluded his observations with an assurance that nothing should part us whilst we lived. That a woman who possessed the most amiable of husbands should have suffered her happiness to be embittered by such an insignificant being as myself, proves that there are some dispositions so prone to repining, that even Paradise itself could not afford them delight; and, if Providence has bounteously anticipated all their wishes, they find sources of discontent in the very blessings he has supplied!

(To be continued.) THE

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER;
OR, THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY.

A NOVEL.

CHAP. VI.

[Concluded from p. 309.]

MATILDA flew enraptured to receive him; but her presence no longer afforded him delight.---In a moment of unmerited calamity we too frequently behold the authors of it, even if innocent, with abhorrence: such was the case with Sir Francis, who now regarded Matilda as a female seducer.---Her birth, her education, her situation in life, all conspired against her; and the unpardonable levity of her conduct appeared to him in more glaring colours, as it threatened to involve him in disgrace and misery. He flung himself into a chair, and, with a look of sad meaning, said, fixing his steadfast eye upon her——

"Matilda---you have made me a wretch!"

She seized his hand;---she bathed it with her tears——

"Edwards!-- do you reproach me?"

Her accent and looks in a moment calmed his indignation.---He thought himself unjust, and softened his tone.

"Your fatal attachment has involved us all in trouble.---Oh! Matilda---could you not have spared me the pang of seducing the sister of my friend---my benefactor!"

It was Matilda's turn to be agitated; but, concealing her emotion, she said——

"Is that all you rail for?---Simple man! you torment yourself without a cause:---to-morrow I shall be of age, and, then, all will be well."

"All will not be well!" replied Sir Francis. "Clatterton must know to-day; to-morrow will be too late."

"Will

"Will you, then, expose me?" asked Matilda, indignantly.

"Sooner may I perish!" exclaimed he, passionately.---"No, Matilda!---I am as proud as you:---still you shall find me just and honourable."

With these significant words he left her, dressed, and went on parade, where he met Clatterton. He could not have chosen a more unpropitious hour, the young nobleman having just received a letter from Mr. Evelyn not perfectly explanatory, but hinting a wish that he would relinquish his pretensions to the hand of Georgiana in favour of Francis.

"So," said Clatterton, as he approached, "you have made an important arrangement during your stay in town.---If I had not a great friendship for you, I should be tempted to shoot you through the head."

Sir Francis was, for a moment, silent; then, shaking off the horror that had seized him, replied——

"I am not here upon jesting business, my Lord:---when parade is over, walk with me, and I will explain."

Clatterton did so; and, having reached a retired spot, Sir Francis again addressed him.——

"You have a sister, major?"

"Eternal curses upon her!" exclaimed Clatterton, vehemently: "she has dishonoured her family---abused my friendship; but the villain that seduced her shall feel my vengeance!"

"I am the man!" cried Evelyn; while Clatterton receded a few paces in astonishment.

"Then you are a baser villain than imagination could suspect!"

"No matter," said Sir Francis, hastily: "here wreak your vengeance---I seduced Matilda."

He drew from his pocket two pistols, and presented one to Clatterton.

"By this parade of honour," said the major, "you seek to turn aside my wrath; but you are mistaken---the earth supports not such a monster of ingratitude!"

"Spare

"Spare your abuse, my Lord," returned Francis: "I seek not to vindicate my conduct now.---You are armed; take aim."

Having retired to a proper distance, Clatterton fired; the ball entered the breast of Sir Francis: in a few moments he fell. A moment's reflection convinced the generous Clatterton that he had acted rashly:---he flew to the support of his still dear friend, and, with the assistance of some labourers, had him conveyed to his lodgings; nor could any consideration for himself induce him to leave his bed-side, though the surgeon of the regiment expressed apprehension of the wound being mortal.

Matilda was soon apprised of the fatal event.---Distracted, and almost heart-broken, she hastened to the house, disregarding the presence of her enraged brother; but who can paint her agony when she beheld the man she idolized, pale, bleeding, and senseless, in the arms of Clatterton!

"Look, wretched woman!" exclaimed the major: "this is the consequence of your imprudence!"

"Oh! kill me not with your reproaches at an hour like this!" she cried, with a burst of tears. "Save but his life, and then upbraid me; for, yet, you know not all my fault.---Inspired with ardent curiosity to see a youth of whom I had heard such warm eulogiums, I easily prevailed upon my compliant teacher, Madame la Brune, to accompany me to ———. There, under an assumed name, I first attracted his attention; your absence from the regiment favouring the scheme suggested by the intriguing Frenchwoman. This, though a harmless frolic at the time, laid the foundation of my subsequent misconduct. I saw enough of Edwards to engage my affections beyond my power to recall; and, with all my native impetuosity, determined not to live without him; but, dreading the effect of Georgiana's charms, should I prolong an absence which might weaken the hold I had taken of his heart, and urged by you to marry Walpole, I quitted school, and

placed myself voluntarily under his protection; not doubting that his honour and my own imagined virtue would be my guard, till the day arrived when I might obtain his hand, without a diminution of my fortune, which must have been the case, had I married contrary to your wish before I was of age. I deceived myself, and ought alone to suffer; but Edwards---poor Edwards!---is the victim of my levity!"

She threw herself on the bed beside him, and bathed his face with her tears. Clatterton was much affected; and Francis beheld her emotion with grateful concern.

"Matilda," said he, "do not afflict yourself thus.---I feel I have not long to live; and, though I will frankly own that the improper means you employed to engage my affections have in some measure lessened my respect for you, and might, perhaps, have embittered our union, it is my solemn intention to screen you from the censure of the world by making you my wife. I cannot say I wish to live;---the flattering prospects that opened to my view are blasted by a few early errors.---I know your brother's proud generosity may make objections; but I shall not die in peace, unless I leave you justified in the eyes of the world."

Finding him serious in this determination, Clatterton would not oppose it; and wrote immediately to Mr. Evelyn an account of what had passed, entreating his presence and advice.

The house now presented a scene of distress and confusion. Mr. Evelyn soon arrived, attended by his daughter and Lady Evelyn, who came to behold her dying son.---Clatterton was put under arrest by his own desire, but enlarged upon his parole of honour; and now waited the event in calm despair.---Georgiana looked the picture of woe; nor could all the exertions of Mr. Evelyn keep the unhappy mother from the bed-side of Francis; while Clatterton, beholding in her the object of his earliest affections, felt more forcibly the horrors of his situation. His sister seemed the only one who supported the surrounding distress with

with fortitude; and this trait of insensibility rendered the heart of Clatterton still more obdurate against her. Francis, apprehending that his last hour was rapidly approaching, entreated for the solemnization of those rites which would enable Matilda to appear again in the world; and the ceremony was performed by the rector of the parish in which they resided. Sir Francis was supported in his bed by his mother and Clatterton; Mr. Evelyn gave the bride away; and Georgiana, with unconcealed anguish of heart, viewed the ceremony, as little less afflictive than that which would consign her beloved Francis to the grave.---Matilda shed no tear---no sigh burst from her bosom; but, when it was concluded, fell on her knees, and, pressing the hand of Francis to her burning lips, said——

"I am thy wife, Francis!---I die contented;---a few hours will terminate my sorrows.---Forgive this one selfish act; and, should life still be spared you, atone to this dear injured girl, whose prudence, fortitude, and constancy, entitle her to heaven's best blessing:---to me thy love had been that blessing; but I find, too late, that happiness cannot be obtained by other means than that of virtue.---To an erroneous education I owe my ruin: ungoverned sensibility, misled by pernicious doctrine and immoral example, have brought me to destruction.---Oh! Georgiana ---teach your daughters more than I was taught!---lead them with unwearying caution from the paths of levity!"

Strong convulsions seized her as she spoke; and they were at a loss to account for this sudden extravagance in her manner, till they, too late, discovered that she had swallowed a large dose of poison. Every antidote was administered in vain; and in less than seven hours she expired.

So fell, in the bloom of life, the lovely, the accomplished, but indiscreet Matilda; nor could the most insensible refuse a tear to the memory of one whose endowments, personal and mental, if properly applied, might

have rendered her a blessing to her friends, and an ornament to society.

Days of protracted suffering left the friends of Sir Francis little hope of his recovery, though every possible skill and attention was exercised to avert the impending calamity. Georgiana watched by him with indefatigable zeal; and, as the health of Lady Evelyn rendered her incapable of such exertion, she resigned the important office to one so tenderly interested with satisfaction. Sir Francis, gratified by such soothing attentions, felt more composed in mind, which contributed materially to remove the dangerous symptoms; and to the delighted Georgiana he failed not to ascribe the cure of all his maladies.

"Now," said he, "I can distinguish between personal admiration and that pure passion which is founded on true merit.---But can you, Georgiana, forgive the truant whose weak senses were so easily dazzled?"

"Indeed, there is much to be forgiven," said Mr. Evelyn; "but who can so easily forgive errors arising from inexperience, and too excessive acuteness of feeling, as an indulgent parent---a partial lover!——Nay, blush not, Georgiana!---you are above affectation;---if not, I will cure you of such folly. If you recover, Sir Francis, she is your's---your lives may be the happier for this trial; and, if you repay the affection of my virtuous child as it deserves, I shall bless the hour that I first vowed to patronize the little Chimney-sweeper!"

Lady Evelyn was soon sufficiently tranquil to converse with her son:---their first interview was tender and affecting. He then, with the utmost delicacy, ventured to hint at the long-cherished passion of his friend, his benefactor; stated the many favours he had received at his hands; and entreated, for his sake, that she would confirm his gratitude by bestowing upon him her hand. Lady Evelyn hesitated.——

"At my time of life, Francis, such proposals can be heard without excess of embarrassment or emotion. I own,

own, I am not insensible to the worth of Lord Clatterton, nor unmindful of the many obligations we are under to him; but he is five years younger than I am---of a gay disposition:---my first marriage was an unhappy one; then, can you wonder that I dread another engagement?"

"Conquer a dread so unworthy of my friend," cried Francis. "Trust me, Lord Clatterton is formed to make a worthy woman happy: in spite of early indiscretions, there is not a man on earth so worthy to be my father."

Francis was not the only one urgent in the cause of Lord Clatterton; and, overpowered by their arguments, Lady Evelyn at length promised, that, as soon as the health of herself and her son should be perfectly restored, she would accede to their wishes.

A considerable sum from the fortune of Matilda was appropriated to the enlargement of the charity-school in which the orphan Francis was first fostered; and the remainder distributed among the indigent tribe, who alike were cheered by the annual bounty of a Montague.

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

NO. XV.

IT was a beautiful moonlight evening when we strolled to the cottage. Harriet had risen from her bed, and, clad in a plain white wrapping dress, with a close cap, looked a most delicate and interesting figure. Leonard was seated beside her, holding on his knee his lovely infant, whose rosy fingers were entwined in the auburn locks which hung over his fine face; while Maria stood before them, extending a hand to each---the picture of peace and benevolence.——This affecting scene we beheld through the casement that opened into the coppice.

"Is not this," said I to my companion, "enough to plead their pardon? Can you, by a disapproving frown, cloud the dawn of returning virtue?"

"I admire your notions of virtue," returned he, "making the very act of disobedience your plea of defence.——Oh! 'tis a woman's argument!"

"Granted," I replied; "and, as a weak disputant, I bring nature and sensibility to aid my cause."

Mr. Somerton, through politeness, gave up the point, and we entered the cottage. This disturbed the group; but, upon an intimation from me that we came upon amicable terms, composure was soon restored; and Mr. Somerton with tolerable grace cheered the drooping spirits of Harriet with an assurance of his feeling perfect satisfaction in the present arrangement.

"Indeed, my dear Sir," said Leonard, "if you knew how very culpable I have been, your forgiveness would, I fear, be longer withheld. This too generous girl has taken upon herself the whole imputation of error; whilst I alone should have been censured as an unfeeling wretch and base deceiver!"

"You declaim wonderfully, young man," retorted Somerton, rather sarcastically: "and, pray, to what *wonderful* cause may we attribute this sudden penitence and reformation?"

"To the admonitions of virtue, Sir," said Leonard, "and to the feelings of nature.——This is my child:---you are a father! Need I say more?"

The girl clung round him, and Somerton embraced her fondly, while he vainly tried to conceal the tears which this short but pathetic appeal of his son drew forth.

"Well, well," said he, at length; "I have no objection to your acting like a man of honour, if you can reconcile that term with your conduct to my Maria here."

"Oh! my dear Sir," cried the enthusiastic girl, catching his hand, "you know little of my heart, if you think me less happy than you wish me; or can you imagine a moment's felicity would be mine while wronging an amiable unfortunate woman---a helpless innocent babe?——Oh! no!---To their union I look forward as an event that will conduce

conduce both to my happiness and self-approbation; for, where can happiness be so truly found as in an approving conscience?"

I was pleased to perceive, by the glow upon her cheeks, and the energy with which she spoke, that these were the sentiments of her heart; and I felt also the most perfect satisfaction at the chastened friendship with which Leonard now regarded her. Harriet, after much entreaty, consented to remove to my house for a while, till her health is perfectly established, as she can have better accommodation there than at the cottage. The worthy Mrs. Mournwell, too, has been admitted a witness of this pleasing event; and for the benevolent kindness which she manifested to poor Harriet I must ever respect her, in despite of illiberal prejudice; for a generous feeling heart is surely the seal of christianity stamped by the hand of the Father of Divine Mercy.---The perturbed state of her mind, some time since, induced her to relinquish the preceptive occupation in which she had, through temporary pecuniary embarrassments, engaged; and her hours are now generally occupied by some literary composition, in which she secretly paints her own sorrows; and seeks to divert the oppressive grief by imagining that the picture represents the woes of others, to which she pays the tribute of a doubly painful tear.

The post has just brought me a letter:---it is from Mrs. Woolcomb.

"Dear Madam,

"THIS letter will scarcely reach you before I shall have the pleasure of paying my respects in person. The death of an aged relative, by securing to Mr. Woolcomb an handsome independence, occasions him to resign his commission now that the peace affords him the opportunity of an honourable resignation. As some necessary adjustments will detain him a few days longer in town, and engage much of his attention, I shall hasten to the society of my dear friends round Tattle Green,

Green, and reserve the sequel of the tale I commenced in my last for tea-table gossip, or refer you to the heroine herself, who now attends me in the capacity of waiting-woman. I hope I shall reach your mansion in time to return the compliment to Maria which she once paid me; and I sincerely hope that the event may be as happy.---Woolcomb unites with me in all affectionate regards.

"Your's ever, with sincere affection,

"C. WOOLCOMB."

We were all standing at my bow-window yesterday, when a post-chaise drove to the gate, from which, with all due respect, old Peter handed Mrs. Woolcomb, attended by a tall thin woman, apparently in a very weak state; but no sooner did Harriet catch a glimpse of her face, than, with extreme emotion, she declared it to be her sister---that wretched, misguided woman to whom she owed her long sufferings. The meeting was embarrassing and painful on all sides; but the unfeigned penitence of an erring sister soon obtained forgiveness from the generous-minded Harriet, who, elated by her own prospects of happiness, would banish care and pain from every breast.

On the day which unites Harriet with Leonard, I am to give my hand to Mr. Somerton; and the idle gossipings of a village spinster must in consequence terminate.

It was originally my intention to animadvert upon the failings of my neighbours; but, chancing to cast my eyes round my own domestic circle, I saw there so many more conspicuous faults, that I stopped, with a blush at my own temerity; and I sincerely hope that the venerable Mrs. Prudentia Homily, on the Green, who has so long by her slanderous anecdotes given pain to the gentle bosom of Harriet, will profit by the hint. Admonition is the gentle rein which guides to virtue and happiness; but malevolent reproach is the galling curb which produces obstinate resistance in the untractable, and even frets the tame into opposition.

Maria conducts herself with much propriety on the occasion; and Stanley's family still express their hope of her

her being one day related to them; but of that Maria does not seem to entertain an idea. Young Stanley will soon return to take the curacy of B———; and, should he wish to renew the acquaintance, I think we can persuade Maria to make him welcome; though, to do her justice, she at present thinks too humbly of herself to form any such expectation. Mr. Somerton gives up Rose Dale to Leonard and his bride; and Tabby Hall will henceforward be denominated Somerton Lodge. Leonard, with much generosity, has given the cottage to Harriet's sister, which is to be converted into a kind of dairy for the use of the families thus united in family interests, and will afford her both amusement and profit. Mr. Woolcomb's house in town is to be our winter's rendezvous:---he is every day expected to complete our party; and it is with pleasure I perceive how much his presence is wished for by Clara.---Mrs. Mournwell is not forgotten in the circle; and Thursday next is to be the important day.

Mr. Stanley is hobbling this way:---I hasten to receive him.

My old friend brought me the following letter, which has completed our arrangement:

"Oxford, May 1, 1802.

"My dear father,

"Your intelligence of the transactions at the Hall gave me the greatest surprise, not unmixed with satisfaction; for, though there is no longer any prospect for me, I cannot but feel delight that Maria has, by the prudence of her conduct, retrieved our favourable opinion.---Her youth, her inexperience, are excuses for that instability of which we complained; but, despicable as coquetry must ever appear in my eyes, how greatly is it palliated by that integrity of principle, and benevolence of disposition, which has been manifested in the conduct of Maria!---I must ever love her, though her heart is now completely estranged.---Estranged, do I say?---No!---

that

that would be criminal:---her heart is once more free.---With the approbation of my friends, I will again seek her favour; and, should I succeed, my whole esteem and confidence shall be unreservedly her's, &c. &c.

"EDWARD STANLEY.

"P. S. I shall be with you on Tuesday evening."

Maria declares she shall be ashamed to see him; but we rally her out of her apprehensions; and Edward is too generous to suffer her to feel a moment's mortification.

SERIOUS THOUGHTS.

NO. II.

HOW great a blessing is early instruction! Misella never heard the sweetly persuasive lectures of wisdom; she was never called to attend the winning voice of religion and truth; and, therefore, left to the blind conduct of impetuous passions, she was driven along, "to every wave a scorn:" she foundered, and was lost! We do not pretend to say, that early instruction and virtue are so inseparably connected as never to be divided; we do not say, that all who enjoy this advantage must go right; that all who enjoy it not must infallibly go wrong; this would be to contradict palpable experience:---but we are bold to advance, that, as there is a chance of ten thousand to one in favour of the former, so is there the same chance, it is feared, against the latter.---How alarming a reflection to parents!

Had Misella, from her early infancy, been trained up in the knowledge of herself, her God, and her duty; had she been carefully led to a true estimate of her corruptible frame; not deceived into a wrong opinion of it, from poisonous flattery and delusive adulation; had she been taught, that every good gift comes from God, and, consequently,

quently, can be no proper subject of human vanity; had she been taught, that God expects a proper return and reasonable service for the bounty he shows; that our present is a state of trial; that we are pilgrims and probationers of a day; and must necessarily, in a short time, remove our tent from this world, and live---live everlastingly---in another, happy or wretched, as we have performed our duty in this; had these lessons of useful import been early and steadily imprinted on her mind, most probably the miserable parent had not wept in such anguish over his more miserable daughter; most probably her hands might have closed, with filial piety and tenderness, his aged eyes!

But,---ah me! how constantly do we behold these important lessons neglected! while fond and over-weaning parents, like those of Misella, cheat their little ones, even from infancy, into false opinions of themselves. The mistakes so frequent and so fatal in the education of children would almost lead one to approve of the Lacedemonian policy, which allowed not to parents the liberty of educating their own children, but committed this most necessary business to the care of the state. And, from an accurate observation of the conduct of parents, how few have yet fallen within the observation of the writer of these lines who were tolerably capacitated for the task; who had prudence and fortitude enough to conquer parental prejudices, and to stand superior to the soft foibles of melting affection! With respect to the gentler sex, it is an evil too notorious to be denied, that, ere the pretty innocents can lisp their pleasing tales, they are initiated into the school of pride and show; taught to reverence dress even to superstition; and to behold with an eye of satisfaction the glare of alluring finery. The mind, thus early vitiated, strongly retains the taste; vanity and modish folly engross the whole attention, and ruin half, or render trifling and insipid half, the female world:---for it is a fact, I apprehend, scarcely to be controverted, that, in the lower

lower order of life, more women are seduced into prostitution through their love of dress than through their love of vice; and, in the higher, we know to what lengths an attachment to this deep-rooted foible is carried.

With such principles strongly impressed, how can we expect to find in the fair one the endearing and sensible companion, replete, as Milton paraphrases it, with

> ———all good, wherein consists
> Woman's domestic honour, and chief praise:

How can we expect it? while, as he goes on, they are——

> Bred only and completed to the taste
> Of lustful appetence; to dance, to sing,
> To dress and troul the tongue, and roll the eye! *

Let it not be said that the writer is severe: he would only wish to hold out a friendly warning against the most destructive evil to the tender and affectionate parent, upon whom it lies to give to the female elegance all its excellence, while he entreats the inconsiderate and the fond to contemplate the half-distracted father weeping over the clay-cold corse of his Misella.---And wouldst thou, oh! reader,---wish thy beloved offspring a better fate; wouldst thou wish never to share in the horrors of so sad a distress, let it be thy chief study early and diligently to inform with true wisdom the young, the waxing mind; attentive to the poet's remark——

> "Children like tender osiers take the bow,
> "And as they first are fashion'd always grow."

Sensible of this capital truth, the parents of the amiable Pulcheria omitted no opportunity to cultivate her mind,

* Par. Lost, b. xi, p. 616.

and;

and early to lead her into the pure and peaceful paths of sacred wisdom. She was not inferior in person to Misella; but in conduct how superior! in death how different! As I have not had the happiness to converse with many from whom I have reaped greater improvement or received more delight; as I have never attended a death-bed with more profit and edification than that of the ever-valued Pulcheria, it hath frequently made me curious to learn from her parents the method they pursued in her education; and one day, sitting with her excellent father, I took the liberty to hint my desire.

"I know, Sir," said I, "that you are above the vulgar prejudices, and have so just a sense of the Divine wisdom and goodness in removing your daughter from this state of probation to a realm of glory, that the subject is rather pleasing than painful to you. You know my high opinion of her virtues: tell me what particular steps you took, in her early days, to lay the foundation of that noble structure which she reared."

"You judge rightly, Sir," said the good old man; "it is pleasing to me to think and to talk of my daughter, whom I reflect upon with the most heart-felt complacence, as having soon run her complete circle of virtues here; as having speedily finished her course, and entered so early on her everlasting reward. Praised be God, for giving me such a child; praised be God, for vouchsafing to me the sight of so triumphant a death; praised be God, for placing before me such an example.---Forgive the involuntary tear: ---I cannot, on this occasion, withhold it; the remembrance of my dear angel so affects and ravishes me.---Oh! when will the hour come that I shall once more see her!---once more meet her!---meet her, for ever to enjoy her loved converse!---meet her——Dear Sir, excuse me; the pleasing hope overpowers me.---Excuse the parent; excuse the man."

We sat silent a few minutes;---some natural tears we mutually dropped, but wiped them soon; when my worthy friend proceeded:——

"I will satisfy your desire. I did, indeed, lay down some few rules respecting the education of my child, and they were invariably pursued: I will tell you the most material of them. Attribute it to the weakness of an old man's memory, if I am not altogether so perfect in them as I wish.

"In care, reproof, correction, and encouragement, my wife and myself, as all parents should, resolved to act, and ever acted, in perfect concert. We early taught our child implicit obedience to ourselves; assured, that otherwise we should be able to teach her nothing. It was our care to remove all bad examples as far as possible from her sight; and, in consequence, to be cautious in our choice of domestics. We endeavoured invariably to understand ourselves what we wished our child to understand; to be ourselves what we would have her be; to do ourselves what we would have her practice; as knowing that parents are the original models upon which children form their tempers and behaviour. We laboured, gradually and pleasingly, to infuse into the empty mind the clearest and most affecting notions of God; his universal presence; almighty power; his goodness, truth, and over-ruling providence; his regard to pious men, and attention to their prayers.---These things we imprinted upon the tender spirit, and fixed them by those striking examples * wherewith the sacred writings abound. We took care that she should frequently hear conversation upon serious and heavenly subjects, to which she used to attend as matters of curiosity, and from which she caught much of a religious and proper spirit.---Few people are sensible of the advantage derived to children from suitable and serious conversation.---It was our most earnest study early to show her the vanity of the world; the frailty of the body; the fall and corruption of

* Such particularly as those of Noah, Abraham, Joseph, &c.; the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea; the miracles in the wilderness; the deliverance of Daniel; and of the three Israelites from the furnace.—The miracles of Christ, of the apostles, &c.

our

our nature; the dignity and infinite worth of the soul; and to make her acquainted, as she was capable, with what God hath done for that soul; to set before her all the riches and mercy of redemption. We constantly inculcated upon her this important truth---that she was not created to live here below, but in the glorious and eternal world above; and that she was placed here only to have her virtue tried and exercised, that she might be fit to live for ever in heaven.——'And therefore, my dear,' I used frequently to observe to her, 'you see that there can be no room for pride in your person, or vanity in any external endowments; for your body is the workmanship of the great God: you cannot make one hair of your head white or black; and your body is but the prison, if I may so say, of your nobler part, which is immortal, and must share in the rewards or punishments of futurity; while your body will moulder in corruption, and become so odious, that your nearest and dearest friends cannot approach it. Remember, you have received all you are and all you have from God; therefore never presume to assign any merit to yourself, nor estimate any thing here below at too high a rate; for this life, you perceive, is only a state of trial, and, of consequence, unworthy our too-fond attachment.---Heaven is your home; God is your father; and eternity is your life.'——But, pardon me, dear Sir! I digress from my rules; and, like an old man, indeed, fall into downright prating.

"Satisfied that all religion stands or falls with the breach of the sabbath, we habituated our child from her infancy to sanctify that sacred day; to esteem highly the word of God; to reverence his ordinances, and to respect his ministers. And we were especially careful, that, with all religious instruction (you know my own sentiments), she should imbibe a spirit of universal candour, goodness, and charity; as far from the wildness of enthusiasm as from the narrowness of superstition and bigotry. We always

addressed her understanding, and treated her as a rational * creature. We encouraged her enquiries, and used her betimes to think and to reason. We always represented vice in its true colours, which are the most odious; and virtue in her proper form of beauty and loveliness. We were especially diligent to give her a deep sense of truth and integrity; and an abhorrence of falsehood, fraud, craft, subterfuge, and dissimulation, as base, dishonourable, and highly displeasing to the All-wise. Assured that we could never cherish veracity too much, we never were severe for any fault she ingenuously acknowledged; but always, while we strove to convince her of the wrong she had done, honoured and commended her for the truth she had spoken. Convinced of the countless evils that attend the female sex from their passion for dress and show, we endeavoured all in our power to give her a low, that is, a true opinion of these things; and, though she always wore such apparel in her younger days as became her rank and station, yet we never deceived her into a wrong opinion of herself by gaudy external ornaments:---if we had, how could we have excused ourselves?——Whenever we observed any thing tending to a bold, pert, or forward behaviour (though, blessed be God! there was even from her infancy little appearance of this: she seemed to be born meek and humble), yet, if ever we observed this, it was checked immediately:---we knew that it might grow up into a flippant pertness, or a dissolute insolence. From many examples before us, we saw the misfortune of suffering children to be men and women too soon; for children are by no means fit to govern themselves, or to direct others:---we avoided this dangerous rock. Soon as she was able to apply to the business of instruction, we inured

* We suppose, that by this remark the gentleman means to express his disapprobation of the simple method in which many ignorant nurses (we would not say parents) treat children; as if they imagined them mere little animals, unconcerned with rationality.

her

her to diligence and close application; yet not so close as to deprive her of such amusement and exercise as were proper to preserve cheerfulness, vivacity, and health. And you, who knew her, good Sir, and her many accomplishments, will do me the justice to believe that we permitted her not to want any advantages of increasing in wisdom and knowledge; and that she did not abuse those advantages. I had forgot to observe, that we taught her most assiduously the duty of humanity; for we taught her to reverence the human nature even in the lowest: we suffered her not to treat any with contempt; but to show all possible acts of tenderness and charity; cherishing with all our might a spirit of modesty and gentleness, of benevolence and compassion, even to insects and animals; from an allowed and wanton cruelty to which, children often receive a barbarous and inhuman disposition. And the fruits were equal to our labours:---the lovely plant well repayed all our care and tendance."

To shew that this was not merely the remark of parental partiality, let us proceed to take a view, in our next number, of the amiable Pulcheria in her life and death.

(To be continued.)

THE UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR.

A YOUNG man, whose name was Roberts, was waiting at Marseilles till some passenger should enter his boat, that he might ferry him over. A person presently came; but, as Roberts had not the air of a boatman, was going again, saying, since the boatman was not there, he would find another.

"I am the boatman," said Roberts; "where do you wish to go?"

"I would be rowed round the harbour," said the passenger, "to enjoy the fresh air of this fine evening; but

you have neither the manners nor the air of a mariner."

"I am not a mariner," replied Roberts; "and only employ my time this way on Sundays and holidays to get money."

"What! are you avaricious at your age?"

"Ah! Sir," said Roberts, "if you knew my reason for thus employing myself, you would not suspect me of so mean a vice."

"Well, row me where I have desired; and be so good as to tell your reason."

"I have only one; but that is a dreadful one:---my father is in slavery!"

"In slavery!"

"Yes, Sir! he was a broker in Marseilles; and, with the money which he and my mother, who is a milliner, had in many years been able to save, he purchased a part in a vessel that traded to Smyrna. His desire to enrich and make his children and his family happy was so strong, that he would go in the ship himself, to dispose of his property to the best advantage. They were met and attacked by a corsair; and my father, among the rest, was carried a slave to Tetuan.---His ransom is a thousand crowns; but, as he had exhausted almost his whole wealth in that unfortunate adventure, we are very far from possessing such a sum. My mother and my sisters work day and night, and I do the same. I am an apprentice to a jeweller; and I endeavour, as you see, to profit likewise by the Sundays and holidays, when my master's shop is shut. I intended to have gone and freed my father, by exchanging myself for him; and was just about putting my project into execution, when my mother, coming to the knowledge of it, assured me it was impracticable and dangerous, and forbade all the Levant captains to take me on board."

"And do you ever receive news of your father? Do you know who is his master at Tetuan, and what treatment he meets with?"

"His

"His master is intendant of the king's gardens; he is treated with humanity, and his labour is not beyond his strength, as he writes;---but, alas! where are the comforts he used to find in the society of his dear wife and three beloved children?"

"What name does he go by at Tetuan?"

"His name is Roberts: he has never changed his name; for he has no reason to be ashamed of it."

"Roberts;---and his master is intendant of the king's gardens."

"Yes, Sir."

"I am affected by your misfortune; and I find your sentiments so noble and so virtuous, that I think I dare predict a happier fate to you hereafter; and, I assure you, I wish you all the happiness you deserve:---at present I am a little thoughtful; and I hope you will not think me proud, because I am inclined to be silent. I would not be thought proud to such men as you."

When it was dark, the passenger desired to be rowed to the shore; and, as he stepped out of the boat, he threw a purse into it, and ran off with precipitation. The purse contained eight double louis d'ors, and ten crowns in silver. This generosity made the most lively impression upon Roberts; and it was with grief he beheld him run so swiftly, without staying to receive his thanks. Encouraged by this assistance, the virtuous family of Roberts redoubled their efforts to relieve their common parent, and almost denied themselves a sufficiency of the most ordinary food.

Six weeks after, as the mother and the two daughters were sitting at dinner over a few chesnuts, and bread and water, they saw Roberts, the father, enter. Imagine their joy, their transports, their astonishment! The good old man threw himself into their arms, and thanked and kissed them a thousand times for the fifty guineas which he had received after the purchase of his freedom, for the payment of his passage in the vessel, for the cloaths they had sent

sent him, and for all the exactness and care they had taken in every thing that related to his release and safe return; he knew not how to repay so much zeal, so much love. The mother and daughters listened and looked with immovable surprize at each other; at last the mother broke silence:---Her son had done it all, she said, though she knew not by what means; and related how, from the first moment of his slavery, young Roberts would, had she not prevented him, have gone and taken his father's place; how the family had actually in the house above five hundred crowns towards his ransom, which had most of it been earned by the labours of young Roberts, &c. The father, on hearing this account, was instantly seized with a most painful suspicion that his son had taken some dishonest method to release him; he could no way else account for it:---he sent for his son.

"Unhappy young man!" said he, "what hast thou done? Wouldst thou have me owe my deliverance to crimes and dishonour? Thou wouldst not have kept thy proceedings secret from thy mother, had they been upright: I tremble to think that so virtuous an affection as parental love should render thee guilty."

"Be calm, my father!" answered the young man; "your son, I hope, is not unworthy of you; nor is he happy enough to have procured your deliverance, and to prove to him how dear a father is:---no, it is not me; it is---it must be---our generous benefactor, whom I met in my boat;---he, my mother, who gave us his purse: I'll search through the world but I'll find him; he shall come and see the happiness he is the author of."

He then told his father the anecdote before related.

The elder Roberts, having so good a foundation to begin again, soon became rich enough to be at ease, and settle his children to his satisfaction, while the younger made every possible effort to discover their benefactor. After two years of fruitless search, he at last met him walking alone

alone on the beach of Marseilles. He flew to throw himself at his feet; but his sensations were so strong that he fainted. The stranger gave him every assistance, and a crowd of people presently gathered around them. As soon as Roberts came to himself, he began to thank him, to call him the saviour of his family, and to beg of him to come and see the happiness he was the author of, and receive the blessings of those whom he had greatly blessed. The stranger, however, pretended not to understand him; and, the multitude becoming great by their contention, found an opportunity of mixing with them, and escaping from the importunities of Roberts. He was never seen nor heard of afterwards by his grateful debtors; and, though the story was so extraordinary as soon to make its way through France, it was never known till after his death, by his papers, when the famous and immortal MONTESQUIEU was found to be the person. The note for 7,500 livres was found; and Mr. Mayn, banker of Cadiz, said, he had received it of Montesquieu, for the release of a slave at Tetuan, of the name of Roberts; and it was known that Montesquieu used to visit his sister, Madam D'Hericourt, who was married, and lived at Marseilles.

SEVERN VALE;

OR, THE HISTORY OF MATILDA MADEN.

[Concluded from p. 300.]

AS Lady Edwards entertained the most despicable opinion of Mr. Maden's character, she thought it probable that he would not even answer the letters which had been wrote: how surprised, then, must she have been at receiving an epistle from him, immediately upon his arrival in the Downs, couched in terms of the most contrite tenderness; and saying, that he should think every moment an age until he embraced his child.

Matilda

Matilda read the account of her father's arrival with sensations that may more easily be imagined than described; for, though he was the being to whom she owed her existence, yet she considered him as the destroyer of her mother's life. Instead, therefore, of experiencing those gratifying sensations which she would have felt at an amiable parent's unexpected return, she was studying how she should conceal that unconquerable antipathy with which she expected to receive his embraces.

As every sentiment of her heart had always been exposed to Lady Edwards, she did not attempt to conceal the conflicting emotions she endured; and received from her maternal counsel that comforting consolation which her painful situation so peculiarly required.

"You must try, my beloved girl," said the amiable Lady Edwards, "to divest your mind of those prejudices it was natural it should receive, and endeavour to hope that your father's disposition has undergone a total change. His flying to your assistance as soon as he knew you had lost your dear protectress proves that he is no longer indifferent to the fate of his child; and you must beware of suppressing those parental sensations which there is every reason to believe he feels. You must therefore reflect, my dear Matilda, that he is the author of your being, and that it is your duty to throw a veil over every past offence; and, if he is labouring under the pangs of a wounded conscience, you are the source from whence he expects to find comfort and relief."

Matilda faithfully promised to endeavour to model her behaviour according to her Ladyship's wishes and desires; though it was evident that the conflict was painful, and that she would act in opposition to the feelings of her heart.

Scarcely had the amiable girl formed this filial resolution when she was called upon to put it in force; for a carriage and four stopped at Lady Edwards's, and Mr. Maden's name was announced. Matilda, fortunately, did not

not happen to be with her Ladyship when her agitated father entered the room; who, from the acuteness of his feelings, and the debility of his constitution, did not appear able to stand.

"I am come, Madam," said he, in a voice scarcely articulate, "to bless you for the protection you have afforded my child, and to intreat you to implore her not to view me as the monster who destined her amiable mother to the grave.---Oh! Lady Edwards," continued he, "I have been severely punished for my conduct to that injured angel, whom, I fear, I destroyed; but, if the sincerest contrition can be an atonement for offences, I shall not become an object of my daughter's hate."

Her Ladyship assured him that Matilda was incapable of suffering the passion of hatred to gain admission into her heart; and that she trusted she would regard him with those sentiments of affection which a parent had a right to expect from a child.

"Oh!" exclaimed he, "I have never been a parent; but a wretch who might have received a lesson from the conduct of the brutes:---they fondly attend to the welfare of their offspring, whilst I have treated mine with cruelty and scorn!"

Lady Edwards conjured him to endeavour to compose his feelings, if only in pity to the child he was so anxious to behold, who possessed so large a share of natural sensibility, that she would be unequal to the interview, unless she saw him more composed; and then quitted the room, with the intention of preparing Matilda for the interesting scene.

The moment this amiable girl was informed that her father's spirits were in such a situation as to require support, every degree of animosity which she had felt towards him was meliorated into pity for the sufferings he endured; and, rushing down stairs, by an involuntary impulse, she was soon encircled in his parental arms. "Oh!

"Oh! my child!" exclaimed the agitated Mr. Maden, without being able to rise from his seat, but, at the same time, extending his arms to receive her.---He was for some moments unable to utter another word.

"My dear Sir!" said Matilda, alarmed by the violence of his emotions, "what can I do to lessen your affliction, or to relieve the sorrow that preys upon your mind?"

"That voice!---that voice!---brings daggers to my remembrance!" said the afflicted father, pressing Matilda still closer to his heart. "Such were the tones of that ill-fated angel, whose life was sacrificed to villany and art!"

Then, raising his head from his daughter's bosom, he gazed upon her with a mixture of tenderness and fear.

"You must abhor me!" he continued; "you must loathe my presence! and I detest myself for giving you so noxious a sight:---yet, as your form is so completely the counterpart of your mother's, perhaps you possess the same purity of mind; and the wretched father, who supplicates his child's forgiveness, may then expect her pity, though not claim her love!"

"Oh! my father," replied the agonized Matilda, at the same moment throwing herself on her knees, "I implore you, by the spirit of my sainted mother, never to give way to sentiments like these!"

Fortunately for Matilda, the entrance of Lady Edwards put an end to a conversation that was becoming too interesting to support; and, in the course of half an hour, she had the happiness of perceiving that Mr. Maden's spirits were tolerably composed.

As he had every reason to entertain the highest opinion of Lady Edwards's friendship for his daughter, his first determination was that she should remain under her care; but the affection she inspired soon counteracted this hasty and original design. Every time he saw her his tenderness augmented, and he found himself miserable whenever they

they were apart; the consequence of which was, that he felt it impossible to be happy, unless Matilda resided in his house.

The attachment which Lady Edwards experienced towards Matilda was equal to that which she felt for her child; and so much were Caroline's manners improved by the force of example, that her Ladyship could not bear the idea of their living apart. Fortunately, at the time that things were in a state of uncertainty, and it was doubtful where the object of her solicitude was to reside, the adjoining house was unexpectedly advertised, and a seventy years lease to be sold. Mr. Maden was no sooner made acquainted with the circumstance than he resolved to become the purchaser of the estate, as by that means he could enjoy the pleasure of his daughter's society without depriving her of the benefit of her Ladyship's advice.

Though Mr. Maden had indulged the hope that his health would be re-established by the frequent benefit which is derived from a salubrious air, yet he had the mortification of finding, that, though he had no particular disorder, he every day felt himself growing more weak; and the physicians candidly informed him, that they thought the air of Lisbon only was likely to prolong his life. As, in every acceptation of the word, he had been a complete worldly character, it was natural that he should be alarmed at the idea of death; yet, still, he had insisted upon the doctors' informing him whether they thought it probable he should live; and, the moment he heard there was a chance of the air of Lisbon contributing to his recovery, he resolved, without loss of time, to go there.

This resolution, once formed, he determined to put in execution; but he could not bear the idea of going without his child; yet, if she should be left unprotected in a foreign country, how dreadful must be the apprehensions of her mind! The housekeeper, it was true, was a very worthy woman, but totally unfit to undertake such a charge; and Matilda herself had proposed to attend him,

and had appeared ready to resign the society of her friend. Whilst Mr. Maden's mind was in this painful state of uncertainty, and he was deliberating whether Matilda should accompany him or remain with her friend, the wish of his heart was unexpectedly accomplished by Lady Edwards and her daughter proposing to attend him.

As this was a proof of disinterested friendship far above Mr. Maden's ideas, vanity induced him to attribute it to himself; and he began to fancy that his person still retained such attractions as her Ladyship had not been able to withstand. In this opinion he was confirmed, from knowing that her acquaintance had only been of a few hours' standing with his wife; therefore he concluded that she was a stranger to most of the incidents which had occurred in the former part of his life. The memorial which had been addressed to Matilda had never been mentioned in his presence, neither did he know that the amiable Rochford had sworn to become her friend; therefore he concluded that the only disgraceful trait in his character with which her Ladyship was acquainted, was, his having abandoned an amiable wife.---That fault she had seen he severely repented of, and was anxious to make every reparation in his power; and he fancied she had given many proofs of sympathizing tenderness when she had beheld the dejected state of his mind. No sooner had he formed this erroneous idea, than a thousand new charms appeared to be attached to life; for her Ladyship still possessed so many personal attractions, that any man might be happy in having such a wife. If her personal graces might be termed captivating, they were infinitely inferior to those of her mind; for few women possessed so strong an understanding, and still fewer had manners so delicate and refined.

Not any thing material occurred during their passage to Lisbon, except that her Ladyship observed something singular in Mr. Maden's address; for, whenever he spoke to her, he threw a softness into his manner which she endeavoured to attribute to the debilitated state of his health.

Independent

Independent of the satisfaction Matilda felt at the idea of fulfilling her duty to her father, she experienced one of a different kind; for soon after her arrival she expected to see Mr. Cunningham, who was making a tour through Portugal for improvement as well as health. The attentions of that young man, though she was too young to feel the tender passion, had made a strong impression upon her mind; and, though three years had nearly elapsed since his departure from England, the reflection of the time they passed together never failed to please. Lady Edwards had kept up a constant correspondence with his uncle, who had entertained the most alarming apprehensions for his life; but, from the salubrity of the climate, and the attentions of his Lordship, the recent letters had given a most favourable account of his health; and, after travelling through Portugal, they were expected again at Lisbon in the course of a week after Mr. Maden arrived. Although vanity made that gentleman believe her Ladyship was partial to his person, yet, as his malady increased, his courage seemed to subside; and he resolved to endeavour to discover, through the medium of his daughter, whether a false idea had taken possession of his mind.

It is impossible to describe the astonishment of Matilda when she heard the conjecture which her father had formed; and she assured him that she had frequently heard her friend declare that no persuasion under heaven should ever induce her to alter her present state.

"And, indeed, my dear father," continued she, willing to spare him the mortification of a refusal, "I would not have you hint such an idea to her for the world!"

Though he resolved not to make a declaration of his passion without trying what effect great attention might produce, yet he paid very little respect to the opinion of his daughter in a matter where the most experienced are liable to err.

A few days after this conversation, as Matilda was sitting at the window, whilst the rest of the party were in a different part of the room, she suddenly exclaimed——

"Oh! my dear Lady Edwards---Lord Trent, and Mr. Cunningham, upon my honour, are this moment gone past!"

The animated manner in which she made this declaration, united to the flush of pleasure that beamed from her eyes, instantly called forth the astonishment of her father, who was a perfect stranger even to their names; as her Ladyship, out of delicacy to his feelings, had forborne to mention her acquaintance with Lord Trent.---It was now, however, necessary to wave all scruples, and to explain in what manner their intimacy had begun; as it was impossible, after the friendly terms Lady Edwards had been upon with his Lordship, not to treat him with that attention which his merits deserved.

That man must be lost to every sense of feeling who could behold a person he had injured with a heart unmoved; and, though Mr. Maden's vices had been those of a disgraceful nature, yet his feelings were acutely alive to pain; and he declared, that, rather than expose himself to an interview with his Lordship, he would quit Lisbon that very night.

Matilda heard this declaration with sensations so novel, that it was impossible for her to imagine by what cause they were produced; though her Ladyship, who was struck by the varying changes in her countenance, seemed perfectly to understand the emotions she endured: and, after making Mr. Maden acquainted with his Lordship's disinterested conduct towards Matilda, demanded whether he objected to her paying a visit to her friend.

"I cannot object to any thing that your Ladyship seems desirous of," said Mr. Maden, in a tone that convinced her he wished he had not been asked; "and, as I am now able to protect my Matilda, I trust that after this one visit the acquaintance will be at an end."

Scarcely had he concluded this unwelcome sentence than he was seized with a kind of shivering fit; and in less than five minutes he was nearly suffocated by the breaking

breaking of an abscess which had formed upon his chest; and which, as he had never suffered any acute pain from it, he had not the slightest idea had been formed. Terrified at the idea of his approaching dissolution, he called for physicians the moment he could speak, and again intreated they would candidly inform him whether there was a possibility that he could survive. Though they agreed it was possible, yet he knew the probability was against him, by the very doubtful looks that accompanied their words; and he began to feel the necessity of making preparation for a moment which inspires the most courageous heart with dread. His temporal affairs had been arranged in perfect order some time before he had undertaken the voyage; but the eternal ones, which were of so much more importance, he had rather endeavoured to banish from his mind, as death had appeared with such terrors as always to inspire his mind with gloom.

In this melancholy situation, Lady Edwards seemed like a delegated angel sent from heaven to lull his apprehensions to peace; for she endeavoured to persuade him, that, by sincere repentance, forgiveness might be expected for every venal crime.

Though Matilda's sensations were very different from those she experienced at the loss of her beloved mother, yet an expiring parent must call forth an agonizing tear; and her sensations of distress were highly aggravated by reflecting on the manner in which he had spent his life.

Though Mr. Maden had refused seeing the man whom he had injured, when he thought there was little probability of soon giving an account of his crimes, yet, the moment he was convinced he had received a summons to the Throne of Retribution, a total alteration took place in his mind, and he was as anxious to obtain his Lordship's forgiveness as he had been to avoid his sight. Lord Trent had too large a portion of christian charity in his disposition to have refused solicited forgiveness to the greatest wretch that ever breathed; and, the moment he

was requested to attend the sick-bed of his former rival, every sentiment of animosity was completely effaced; and, before pardon could be intreated for the injury that had been done him, he desired every past transaction might not even be named.

"For, my dear Sir," said he, "you appear in so weak a condition, that the slightest agitation might excite fatigue. Lady Edwards has, doubtless, informed you that few things would give me so much happiness as the being able to prove my friendship for your amiable child: and I solemnly assure you, upon the word of a man of honour, that I would be her protector at the hazard of my life."

"Heaven! bless——and-----reward you!" said the dying penitent, in a voice scarcely to be understood; when, grasping his Lordship's hand with an impression of agony, he exclaimed——

"Oh! my Matilda!"---and instantly expired.

"Let the failings of this unhappy man," said Lord Trent, whilst the big drops of sympathy trembled in his eyes, "be forgotten; and let us hope that his contrition has been acceptable to that Being whose divinest attribute is to forgive!"

Then, conducting Lady Edwards from the melancholy apartment, they sought the weeping Matilda, whom they had compelled to remain down stairs.

Though her feelings were spared the shock of seeing the last breath quiver on the lips of her father, yet she was sincerely affected at the account of his death; and it was with the utmost difficulty that her Ladyship could prevent her from immediately rushing into the room. Time, however, which soothes the severest sorrow, assuaged that which the amiable girl endured; and the kindness of those friends, for whom she felt the tenderest attachment, contributed not a little to restore her mind to peace.

The anxious solicitude of Mr. Cunningham to restore her to tranquility probably might contribute more to her regaining it than the attentions of her other friends; for it

was

was evident the attachment which he had felt at their first interview, young as she was, had been secretly returned: and, as there could not be a single objection started against their union, it was decreed that it should take place at the twelvemonth's end.

ON THE INCONVENIENCIES TO WHICH LITTLE WOMEN ARE SUBJECT.

MR. EDITOR,

THAT littleness should give an idea of youth is easily accounted for; but I cannot see why a girl who is short in stature should be always treated as if she was in leading-strings, any more than a gentleman who is undersized should be supposed to be just breeched. For my part, I am turned of eighteen, and consequently have been a woman these five years; yet they seem to look upon me as a perfect baby: I wonder, indeed, that they do not cram me into a cradle, and feed me with a pap-spoon.--- With my aunt, it is *child* every word, and every body else calls me *little Miss;* but, when they mean to pay me an extraordinary compliment, then I am a *pretty little Lady.* When I first came down into the country, a lady in the neighbourhood very civilly invited me to come and play with her grand-daughter, who was eleven years old; and a great bulky fellow, who was, they said, my godfather, most boisterously took me up in his arms (like Gulliver and his nurse reversed), and fell a slobbering and nustling me as if I had been actually in swaddling clothes. Our visitors never fail to bring fruits and sweetmeats with them in their pockets for *Miss;* and I am constantly insulted by the civility of your good old ladies, who are for loading me with slices of rich plum or seed cakes of their own making. When I sit down to table, I am helped very sparingly to the meats, as if they thought I had not yet cut my teeth;

teeth; but my plate is filled with pudding and pie, which they take for granted *Miss* must be very fond of. When I proposed riding a single horse, that was objected to, as no pony could be found small enough; and it was even debated whether I should be carried before or behind the servant. What vexes me still more, however, they seem to measure my understanding by my person; and, as I am no bigger, they conclude me as ignorant as a child; consequently their conversation with me is most trifling, and often borders on the dialect of the nursery. One gentlewoman was astonished to hear I could write; and another observed, upon my reading a common article out of a newspaper, that, indeed, I read mighty well of my age. In a word, Sir (or in *short*, if you please), I meet with so many of these impertinences, that I am quite sick of them. The only remedy I can hope for, is, to find some man compassionate enough to *un-miss* me, and make a *woman* of me, by making me a *wife*.

I am, &c.

DOROTHY SHORT.

ANECDOTE.

A LATE Lord Lieutenant of Ireland being obliged to stop for a night at an inconsiderable inn in the county of Westmeath, sent for the landlord, who, being well informed of the local state of the country, and an intelligent person, he justly conceived could give him some useful information. My Lord was so much pleased with this man (whose name was Cuff), that in a convivial moment he knighted him. In the morning, however, apprized of the indiscretion, he sent for Cuff, whom he laughingly desired to think no more of the matter; but on the landlord saying, "he would consent to sink the title, if Lady Cuff had no objection," his Lordship exclaimed---"that the

the case was desperate when a woman's vanity was at issue," and hastened from the house. This copious, or at least hacknied theme, the vanity of women, the witlings of all ages have uniformly made the most of; but, to the credit of Lady Cuff be it recorded, that being, by the death of her husband, left a free agent, she has dropped a title which ought by some means to have been supported, and endeavours, by attention to her guests, to obtain a maintenance for her family.

THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT AGAINST A GOOD WIFE.

To the Editor.

SIR,

I AM one of those persons who have the misfortune to have what is generally termed a good wife; she is, I confess, sober and industrious; and she is fully of opinion that sobriety and industry are the essential qualifications of a wife. My linen, my hose, &c., are kept in excellent repair; my breakfast, dinner, and supper, provided at regular hours; my house, under her directions, is always remarkably clean; and she strictly performs the duty of a mother towards her children. Pluming herself upon these perfections, she is in every other respect the most disagreeable woman living: if the maid by accident happens to break a tea-cup or a saucer, the house is in a commotion for three or four days; and neither I nor any of the children dare open our mouths to this immaculate woman, for fear of sharing some of the abuse which she so lavishly bestows upon her maid. She generally has a baker's dozen of servants in the course of a year; and they chiefly turn out so very bad, in her opinion, that she refuses to give them a character to enable them to engage in the service of another. The last maid we had she turned

turned away because she was so careless that she fell down stairs and hurt herself; this she deemed an unpardonable crime: not long ago she discharged another for wearing white stockings, imagining, I suppose, they were too alluring for me to look at; another, because she turned her toes inward, and she was afraid the children would copy her manner of walking: she sent away a very fine girl because she wore a wire cap; but most of them turn themselves away, because, they say, she is such an intolerable vixen, that they would rather live with the d——l than with her. My misfortune is, that it is not in my power to turn myself away, or, believe me, Sir, I would not give a moment's warning; for she uses me, if possible, worse than her maids; and, when I expostulate with her upon her conduct, she tells me I am the happiest man in the world.

"You are *blessed* with a wife," says she, "that does not spend her time and money in going to balls and plays;---a sober, frugal woman;---a woman of more economy than any in the parish---infinitely too good for you."

She then, perhaps, abuses me half an hour without intermission; and I am obliged to suffer in silence; for, should I presume to reply, the contest would last the whole day. I wish Sir, you would inform me what are the necessary steps to be taken with such a woman; for I should be much happier with one who is *idle*, and a *drunkard*, than with such a *sober, virtuous, industrious* woman as my wife.

Your humble servant,

SOLOMON SUGARLOAF.

REMARKS

REMARKS UPON JEALOUSY AND UXORIOUSNESS.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

I SAW somewhere a lively picture of distress in the character of an unfortunate husband, who lost his health, and was in danger of an untimely death, by the violent persecutions of a loving wife: as a contrast to this, I shall acquaint you with the unhappy situation of an unfortunate lady, who has for some years been plagued with the unseasonable tenderness of an affectionate husband.

My fond idolater made his first addresses to me (as Mrs. Rowe very justly expresses it) in the impious strains of adoration: he called me angel, goddess; vowed eternal devotion, and a great many fine things, which are as far above a fine woman's deserts, as below a wise man to utter. I was young, unexperienced, a stranger to flattery; and, like a thoughtless, giddy girl, entered upon a state of persecution with my loving tormentor in the sixteenth year of my age.

My husband is naturally of a jealous temper, which, I am told, always in some degree accompanies the passion of love; for, the very first time we appeared in public, he recounted all the pretty fellows whose eyes, he said, were fixed directly upon me; then, making a short pause——

"You are exquisitely handsome," added he, with a smothered sigh, and spent the rest of the evening in a pensive silence.

This unhappy temper renders my situation extremely uncomfortable. We never quarrel; indeed, good breeding prevents that; and, besides, my husband is so immoderately fond, that he stifles his jealousy for fear of giving me

me pain; yet for the life of him he cannot conceal his immoderate concern for my character and reputation.

When I go to see a play, if a gentleman bows to me, in short, if I stir out any where, with him or without him, it is all the same---I can perceive an uneasiness in his countenance; and a friend of his happening to touch my hand by accident, he turned as pale as a corpse, and I really thought it would have thrown him into convulsions.

A relation of mine called some time ago to desire my company for a day or two at her house; but as a careful parent, when a boy inadvertently sings upon a Sunday, calls out to him to remember what *day* it is, so my dear, loving---what shall I call him?---tender husband, desired her to remember what *month* it was, and begged she would consider that a lady should not be trusted abroad in the month of *May*; that his opinion, in this point, was grounded upon the Spectator's authority; and that he would send her (my relation) back by a trusty old servant, because it was dangerous, he said, for a young lady to walk alone in the fields.

When I lie-in, he never quits the room till I am able to stir abroad, and may as properly be said to lie-in as I. His fondness carried him to that length, when I lay in of my daughter Mary, that he wittingly lost a hundred pounds, point blank, because he would not leave me to attend the recovery of it, though a little absence would serve to quicken love. I must confess I have so much of my dear husband's company, that I may truly say it has long since ceased to be a novelty.

Too much of any thing, I find by melancholy experience, is good for nothing; and, though I cannot but love him in return for his kindness, yet one may be choaked with a honeycomb. Besides, his fondness leads him into great improprieties, and renders him the jest of his acquaintance.---He will rise up suddenly in the club of which he is a member, and tell them he must go to keep his dear Kitty company at home:---some of them burst into a horse laugh,

laugh, while others, before he is well out of the room, are calling him a fond fool for his unseasonable concern. I am sorry to have him ridiculed on my account; and should be glad if he would stay the usual time, and not either break up or spoil good company.

I was working the other day upon a flowered handkerchief, and, complaining of a pain in my eyes, my kind husband brought me home an elegant pair of spectacles, which he affectionately obliges me to wear, though I can hardly see how to take a stitch in them; but they are, he tells me, to preserve my eyes; and so I am to see poorly now, that I may see better when I am an old woman. I must not be refractory, you know, for then it will be said that women rule the roast, wear the breeches, and are masters in every thing. He follows me up and down from one room to another, and is as constant a companion as my pincushion. When I am about my jellies and preserves, he creeps softly behind me, peeps over my shoulder, and frightens me almost into hysterics. In a word, the good-natured creature is always in one's way, and stalks to and fro, like a certain domestic animal that shall be nameless. He has got a weak notion rivetted into his head, that ladies mind nothing so much as the outside of a man; and for this reason endeavours to secure the affections of his wife, by acting in the character of a coxcomb: his conversation is insipid, and his dress ridiculous. I know the fondling does it to please me; but I would rather be contradicted now and then, than have his constant assent to what I utter, in which I may sometimes be mistaken, or which may, possibly, be unwarrantable. I never heard any thing from him more significant than the tattle of my own sex. I believe my dear spouse is not quite, indeed, destitute of sense; but he has read, in some play or other, that "women are fools," and so talks nonsense with a view to be agreeable.

In short, Sir, he is so immoderately fond, and grows so vastly effeminate, that he cannot forbear playing his

monkey tricks with me before the best company; ruffling one's handkerchief, snatching kisses by surprise, &c., and appears in public like a lover toying with his mistress.--- Such a behaviour was disagreeable to me while a virgin, but is insupportable as a wife. I am out of countenance for him every time we go upon a visit, and am afraid of joining in any party of pleasure, through fear that it should prove a party of pain in the sequel. Please to let him know, through the channel of your MUSEUM, that, if he goes on to be thus excessively uxorious, though I shall always love, yet he makes it impracticable for me to honour and obey him.

I am your's, &c.,
KITTY LOVEWELL.

THE TALISMAN OF TRUTH:

An Oriental Tale.

[Concluded from p. 331.]

WHEN a few moons had passed away, Hamed, a young man of large possessions, and remarkable integrity, demanded Zulima for a wife. His palace dazzled the eye with its magnificence; his dress was purple, enriched with gold; and the jewels in his turban glittered like the rays of the sun. He commanded, by inheritance, an extensive tract of land, which was cultivated like a garden. Herds innumerable lowed in his fields, and flocks without number bleated in his pastures. He had many personal perfections, but they were trifling compared to the beauties of his mind, which resembled an emerald of inestimable value deposited in a golden casket. The first view of Zulima's uncommon charms struck him at once with wonder and delight. She appeared to his ravished eyes as majestic as the cedar of Lebanon, and graceful as the tulip of Candahar. He poured forth his soul

soul before her, called her the light of his life, and swore she was more lovely than the daughters of Paradise. Zulima soon became inebriated with the homage paid to her; and, imagining too hastily that she should increase his sensibility by retarding the completion of his wishes, and quicken desire by protracting the moment of possession, urged him, by turns, to hope and to despair by every feminine artifice she could think of. But Hamed soon discovered that the heart of Zulima was as deceitful as the ocean when it is unruffled by a breeze, and that she was neither charmed by his person nor captivated by his manners. He discovered that the voice of adulation alone was music to her ear, and that she was blind to all beauties but her own. At this discovery his soul was filled with indignation; resentment extinguished all emotions of tenderness, and drove him abruptly from her presence. Zulima, as soon as Hamed had left her, hastened to her talisman with the rapidity of a roe, to see in what light she had appeared to him, and to embellish herself with new graces against the next interview; for, as he had not mentioned his intention never to return, the hopes of fanning the flames of love with fresh allurements made her spirits flow with unusual briskness, and her feet bound with unusual agility. But how great was her surprise, when, instead of eyes sparkling with pleasure, and cheeks glowing with expectation, she beheld in the polished crystal a monster of ugliness! Shocked at the unexpected sight, she gazed at her altered image:---she gazed, and was astonished.---Abdaric instantaneously darted into her mind. She found, on a retrospect of her conduct, that she had encouraged the addresses of Hamed not out of a regard for himself, not out of obedience to her father, not out of a desire to be happily married, but to hear the sighs of fondness, to have her ears regaled with the soothing strains of eulogy, to be admired and praised, to be flattered and adored. Her conscience smote her:---she repented---and, at the same time, determined to receive Hamed with more affability, and to listen to

him with more attention; to deserve his love, and to merit his esteem. These resolves had, in some measure, the wished-for effect: she saw with ecstacy her face by degrees recover its accustomed bloom; but its bloom, alas! was recovered too late; for Hamed had, during the eclipse of it, placed his affections on Zelis, the daughter of Nouradin, and friend of Zulima.

Zelis, though not so striking a beauty as Zulima, was not less engaging. Zulima shone like the sun in its meridian splendor; Zelis like the sky, tinged with its rising and departing rays. The first resembled a large edifice, full of lofty apartments decorated with the most costly ornaments, and blazing with the united lustre of gems and gold. The last might be compared to a small plain building, executed with the utmost elegance, and adorned with the utmost simplicity. Zulima was more admired than Zelis, but Zelis was more beloved than Zulima. Zelis had an expression in her countenance, which was, like the magnet, irresistibly attracting. She was modest, gentle, affable, and unconscious of her perfections. These amiable qualifications soon bound the heart of Hamed in adamantine chains. He was pleased with her person, but enraptured with her mind; and had soon the satisfaction to find that Zelis viewed him with equal delight, loved him with equal ardor, and esteemed him with equal sincerity. The news of their intended union flew with the swiftness of lightning to the house of Abukazan. Zulima felt a disorder she had never known before at the receipt of this intelligence. To think that she had lost her lover was perturbation; but to think that Zelis was in possession of him, distraction. Many hours she spent in contriving methods to recall her lover, and at last fixed on a design, which she executed immediately with an assurance of success. She prevailed on Cadige, an old nurse, who had attended her from her infancy, to make herself serviceable to Zelis. Zelis was pleased with her assiduity, and told Zulima she was very happy in possessing so useful a slave. Zulima, who

who beheld Zelis with the eyes of a lion when a tender kid lies bleeding at his feet, was so delighted to find that she was fallen into the snares provided for her, that she intreated her to keep Cadige for her own use; telling her, with an air of pleasantry, that she had won her affections; and adding, that she could not therefore offer her with so much propriety to any other person. Cadige, in a short time, took advantage of the confidence Zelis placed in her, and endeavoured to make her contemptible in the eyes of Hamed, by throwing a veil over her virtues; and to weaken his attachment to her, by insinuating, with an anxious concern for his happiness, that the woman he had chosen from the rest of her sex, was of all her sex the most unworthy of his esteem. While Cadige was thus employed, and while Zelis reflected on the coldness of her lover with tears and with complainings, Zulima was full of gloomy doubts and alarming fears. The cause of her first deviation from rectitude, by attempting to lessen Hamed's affection for Zelis, gave her many uneasy throbs; but these were agreeable sensations compared to the piercing pangs she felt when she reflected on the immorality of her actions. Conscious of the mischiefs she was perpetrating, she was pre-eminently wretched: her mind was agitated like the sand of the desert by a whirlwind: revenge engrossed her thoughts, banished every other idea, and eradicated every other passion. She vowed to pursue Zelis to destruction, because her importance was lessened by the desertion of Hamed, though she abhorred, at the same time, the turpitude of her intentions. She forgot to survey herself in the Talisman of Truth, and Abdaric was no longer remembered by her. One evening, while she was in this torturing situation, Cadige informed her, that, by perpetually filling the ears of Hamed with the ill-health, ill-nature, and ill-behaviour of Zelis, she had almost persuaded him to abandon her; and that the anguish of disappointment had greatly diminished the lustre of her charms. Zulima heard the news with alacrity; and,

flushed with the hopes of triumphing over a formidable rival, began to deck herself with new ornaments. All the vivid colours of the rainbow glowed on her silky vestments: but her joy was of short duration; for, on casting her eye accidentally on the talisman, she sunk down on the sofa without motion and without sense. While the slave flew to procure a resuscitating medicine, the earth opened, and Abdaric appeared. Zulima heard the rustling of his beard, which sounded like the roaring of a cataract, and awaked; but was awe-struck, and endeavoured to screen herself from his penetrating looks with her veil: but this stratagem was a vain one, for with a touch of his wand it fell to the ground. She reddened with shame, and was abashed:---when thus the Genius:——

"Thou canst not conceal thyself, O daughter of the dust! from an all-seeing eye. Thou hast made use of the most criminal methods to render thyself an object of horror. I am not now come to entice thee to act right, but to condemn thee for having acted wrong. Thy crimes are of so black a dye, that they cannot be punished with too much rigour. I warned thee of thy danger when thou stoodst tottering on the brink of a precipice. Why didst thou not follow my counsel? Know, inconsiderate Zulima, that a beautiful woman without innocence and virtue is like an almond-tree in winter stripped of its foliage and its fruit."

When he had uttered these words, he struck the unhappy Zulima with his wand. She instantly became a spotted serpent, and crawled upon the earth before him. Abdaric then turned to Cadige, who at this juncture arrived with the juice of a plant, which the sages of physic always administer when the powers of reason are suspended.

"Behold," said he, "thy wretched child. Seven years shall she creep upon the ground, a noisome reptile in the gardens of Hamed, who now revels in his bower, completely happy in being united to Zelis, the most amiable woman

woman in the east. When she can take a pleasure in the felicity of others, she shall re-assume a human form. Seven years shall she continue in beauty's brightest bloom, but without one lover to soothe her pride, one admirer to flatter her vanity. If, at the expiration of the last year, she be convinced of her past errors, and can render her mind as faultless as her person, she may then---even Zulima may then---be happy."

At the conclusion of this speech he sunk into the earth again, which closed with a noise like the bursting of a cloud impregnated with sulphur.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.

April 30. A Comic Opera, called "ALGONAH" (being an alteration of Mr. Cobb's "*Cherokee*"), was performed, for the first time, for the benefit of Mrs. Billington. There is nothing either in the dialogue or plot to place it above the generality of comic operas; but to the original music of Storace Mr. Kelly has made a few additions for the occasion, which assimilated well with the compositions of the former, and produced a very pleasing effect.

May 1. A Mr. DWYER, from the York theatre, made his first appearance, as the representative of *Belcour*, in *The West Indian*; which he performed with spirit, and was rewarded with considerable applause. He carried the vivacity of the character rather beyond the bounds of moderation; but nevertheless showed evident proofs of an acquaintance with the business of the stage that cannot fail of rendering him very useful in genteel comedy. He is a smaller made man than the late Mr. John Palmer; but both in face and person has some striking points of resemblance to that admirable performer.

ASTLEY'S

ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.

To the splendid Pantomime of *The Seven Champions*, with which this indefatigable caterer for the public opened his house, has lately been added a new and grand Spectacle, called "MULOC; or, The SLAVE." The savage spirit of Muloc is depicted with great force and energy by Laurent, whose versatility of talent we have frequently admired. The piece continues to be received with great eclat.

THE ROYAL CIRCUS.

This elegant theatre, under the active management of Messrs. Jones and Cross, improves its attractions by a sedulous attention to give variety to the performances. We last month announced the appearance of an interesting Pantomime, called *The Enchanted Harp;* since which we have witnessed the production of a new Grand Ballet of Action, entitled, "THE FATAL PREDICTION; or, MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN," invented by Mr. Cross, which continues to draw numerous and genteel audiences, and to receive the warmest applause.

LYCEUM.

That ingenious and industrious artist Mr. Robert Ker Porter is exhibiting a new and extensive Historical Picture, executed upon the same grand scale as the Storming of Seringapatam and the Siege of Acre, and comprehending, at one view, the most striking and interesting points of contest between the English and French forces, on the memorable 21st of March, 1801, at the Battle of Alexandria; the event of which terminated a destructive war so much to the glory of the British name, and finally restored to Europe the blessings of Peace. The picture is painted from personal communications of the first authority, giving a correct idea of the situations and movements of nearly the whole line of both armies, and introducing in the various groups which occupy the fore-ground above ninety portraits of British officers; the surrounding figures of the subject being also painted from life.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. A white sarcenet hat, with a wreath of blue flowers, tied with blue ribands. A black lace cloak. The dress a fawn-coloured cambric muslin, inlaid with white worked muslin in front; trimmed with blue ribands, cord, and tassels. Blue leather shoes. White gloves.

2. An Oxford straw hat, with straw-coloured ribands. A white muslin cloak, with a double frill; the back to fit the shape, and the fronts gathered into it on each side, and brought forward over the shoulders. The gown a blue cambric muslin, with black checks. Shoes straw-coloured.

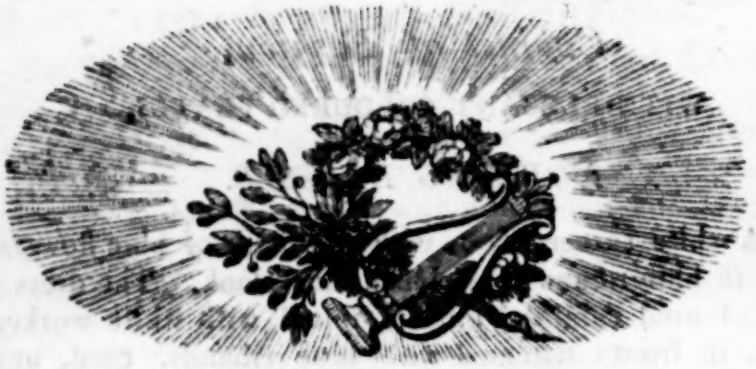
EVENING DRESSES.

3. A head-dress of white lace, with a wreath of scarlet flowers, and an ostrich feather. The dress white sarcenet, with a short robe of orange crape, trimmed with black velvet, and lace tucker; the sleeves white sarcenet, with lace inlaid, and lined with orange silk. Shoes orange.

4. The hair dressed with a wreath of flowers, and one lock hanging on the shoulder. The dress white muslin, trimmed with laurel leaves. A drapery of lilac crape, fastened with sprigs of flowers.

Silk nets for the head are very fashionable: diamond crescents in a turban, *à la Turc*, are much admired. For a walking dress, a new species of straw hat is adopted---very large, turned up at each side, the crown rather long, and worn without riband, or any other ornament. Lace is very generally worn. The prevailing colours are blue, lilac, pale pink, and straw.

The



The Apollonian Wreath.

VERSES ON SPRING.

HAIL! lovely season, charming Spring,
Adorn'd with flowers of ev'ry hue;
Thy birth the feather'd songsters sing
Beneath Heav'n's canopy of blue.

Close at thy heels attends Delight;
And now, too, Joy, and smiling Peace,
All deck'd in robes of heav'nly light,
Conspire thy beauty to increase.

At thy approach is heard the note,
The cuckoo's soft and pleasing voice;
From woods and hills its echos float---
Hills, woods, prolong the soothing noise.

The rustic leaves his lowly cot,
At sight of thee, to tread the green;
Though humble poverty's his lot,
He feels elate at such a scene.

He hears each songster of the wood
Give praise to Him who rules the year;
Then looks around---sees all is good,
Of God---inspiring rev'rend fear.

And thus he reasons with his soul,
As 'long the greensward path he strays;
Or on the banks of some clear pool
Views the reflected solar rays:---

" What

" What works are these around me spread?...
" Stupendous proofs of power Divine!
" Unnumber'd blessings on my head
" Are pour'd...in all his mercies shine!

" And can I midst these wonders dwell,
" Still hear the brute creation raise
" Their voice...the birds their warbling swell...
" Yet silent keep my mite of praise?

" No!...rather let pulsation cease...
" Let in the dust my body lay...
" Than this frail tongue be slow to please,
" Adore, and praise, the God of Day!"

But, while we celebrate the sweets
Attendant on this transient Spring,
Far happier he whose warm heart beats
To rise where loud hosannas ring:

To him alike is ev'ry change...
He looks beyond this passing scene:
Above, his large ideas range,
In heav'nly fields of endless green!

April 5, 1802.

A MONODY
ON
THE LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD.
[BY ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.]

HENCE, ye inconstant and ye vain,
To Folly's pitiless, delusive train,
If aught of joy can be!
Lo! fallen greatness moulders on the bier,
And claims the tributary tear
From Virtue and from me.

Call'd, in the bright meridian of his days,
From Honour's luminous, unspotted heights...
Diffusing ardour, radiance, and delights...
He perish'd circumvolv'd with Glory's rays!

Decline of function is a common ill;
The victor sickens when the wreath is won:
Our fate is irresponsive to the will;...
We breathe to hope, but feel to be undone!

Hallow'd

Hallow'd by Truth, and fervent in her cause,
Her genuine dogmas he pursued;
Repell'd th' invasion of his country's laws,
And Reason sheath'd his energy with good.
Illustrious in act, he seem'd refin'd
By the soft graces of his mother's mind;
And shone to lead, excite, appal, and please,
With Cato's impulse, and with Tully's ease.
No base emotions in his bosom wrought,
Or chill'd the current of his moral thought:
With placid mien he sooth'd the aims of strife,
And met with dignity the woes of life;
His circling judgment took its high controul,
And chain'd the meaner passions of the soul.
Firm in his principle, erect he trod;
An honest man is only---*less than God!*
When Heav'n assumes such spirits as its own,
The sighs of nations reach th' Eternal Throne;
The shudd'ring Muses, tuneless, seek their bow'rs,
And Mirth withdraws her magic from the hours:
Philosophy bedews his page with tears---
The *many* shrink, contracted in their fears!

Thus while the regal oak, in sylvan grace,
Extends its shelt'ring branches o'er the vale,
The bolt of ruin cleaves its massy trunk;
Then, as it lies, of all its beauties shorn,
In pond'rous majesty, suppress'd and sunk,
The lesser race of vegetation mourn,
Lest other storms should desolate their race,
And tear their fibres from the natal bed;
Where kindred stems have been uprais'd and fed,
And waft their tender fragments 'fore the ruthless gale.

His vig'rous sentiment, his manly mind,
Benign, yet noble---meek, yet unconfin'd,
Were consecrated to the gen'ral weal:
Equal to serve, or to sustain command;
To win an empire, or to save a land;
KNOWING HIMSELF, *he knew the bliss to feel!*
That mortal falls deplor'd, whose chasten'd will
Immingled virtue with his temp'ral pow'r:
But he, whose being adds a nerve to ill,
Has liv'd too long---in living but an hour.

Sweet Liberty looks pallid from the skies,
When Britons sadden, and a RUSSEL dies!

Imperial

BRITISH MUSEUM
28
46
NOV

Morning Dresses for June 1802.

Wigman Dress Maker Hanover Street, Hanover Square.

Afternoon Dresses for June, 1802.

Bayne Milliner, Old Bond Street.

BRITISH MUSEUM
28 NOV 46

Imperial Liberty, on mountains bred,
By gods deputed, and by sages fed,
Oft has he woo'd thee, buxom and sublime,
Bathing thy sandals in Aurora's dew;
Or scudding vigilant, with palsied Time,
To gather all he knew.
Till shrieking Myriads touch'd thy vivid sense,
Then hast thou hurried o'er the storming deep,
To extirpate the minions of offence,
And bid the sorrows of a region sleep.

Above superb Illusion's vile controul;
For Ceres and her vast dominion born,
He pour'd the golden grain in Plenty's horn;
He amplified the fleece for Labour's fecund loom;
Allur'd dull Sloth from Mis'ry's thick'ning gloom,
And burst the fetters of his torpid soul;
Bade Joy's effulgence o'er his fancy fly,
Like sunbeams dazzling in a Summer's sky.

Go, sainted shade! superior and divine;
Thou shalt not be dishonour'd when I bring
The purest issue of the jocund Spring
To decorate thy urn; or there rehearse
Discordant images in lyric verse:---
The praise of gorgeous Folly is not mine.

Ah! me, 'mid triumphs with the wise and just,
Rapt in the melody of Orphean measure;
Dissolving in the rosy lap of Pleasure,
The sister Fates propel us into dust!
While eye-full, ceaseless Treach'ry prepares,
Beneath the perfum'd herb, her reptiles and her snares.

Blithe Hope enslaves us by those means we sought,
In deathful sport her amulet's display'd;
The flatt'ring sorc'ress revels in our thought,
Like the gay vision of a love-sick maid:
Till all our splendid attributes decay,
And sink in Night's cold mantle as the fading Day!

TO MATILDA.

WHY, pensive Maid, with cypress-vested lyre,
Pour forth so sad the sorrows of thy breast?
Why thus to mis'ry yield each tuneful wire
That joy once sounded, as Matilda prest?

Be ever dried the tear, and hush'd the grief,
That preys too deeply on thy beauteous form:
Thou never, love, hadst liv'd to want relief,
Had I not suffer'd in Misfortune's storm.

Oh! cease, Matilda, nor a wound impart
Where stern Affliction long has tyrant reign'd;
Nor blame the wand'rings of a bleeding heart,
That ceaseless feels the triumph grief has gain'd!

Adieu! dear girl---may absence stop the tear,
And time soon chace each sorrow from thy breast!
Oh! may'st thou find the joy denied me here,
And guardian angels on thy pillow rest!

For soon, too soon, I leave my native shore,
Where faithless Hope once smil'd with aspect bland;
Perhaps to see its much-lov'd haunts no more,
And sink unfriended in some distant land!

God of the good! extend thy mighty pow'r
To save this lovely victim from the tomb!
Oh! make her future life Contentment's hour,
And on her faded cheek Health's roses bloom!

Barnard's Inn. THADDEUS.

MARIA: AN IRISH TALE.

WHERE smiles proud Erin on the western gale,
Dishevell'd, panting, see Maria rove;
Vent her sad wailings in an artless tale,
And mourn the dread catastrophe of love.

No tinsel eloquence her plaints adorn---
In Nature's garb to paint her griefs she chose;
Oft to the winds she'd thus relate, forlorn,
Her short pathetic history of woes:---

" Ah! hapless Erin, from thy early birth
" Has discord hover'd o'er thy wretched land;
" Blighted the early buds of future worth,
" And stain'd with crimson teints the hero's hand.

" But still more hapless Maid, who dar'd to feel
" The melting force of sympathetic love;
" Created visions of terrestrial weal,
" Which, all ideal, ineffectual prove!

" My

" My William's bosom felt a gen'rous flame...
" Oft would his eye-balls in confusion roll;
" And Liberty's enthusiastic name
" Fir'd all the latent passions of his soul.

" Mistaken, lov'd, ill-fated youth, farewell!
" Cold are thy lips, and stifled is thy breath!...
" Thy injur'd country claim'd a dying knell,
" And doom'd thee, trembling, to a traitor's death!

" Now, unbefriended, will Maria roam...
" No joy an inmate of her tortur'd breast;
" Till, William meeting in a distant shore,
" She'll lull her sorrows in eternal rest!"

SONNET TO SYMPATHY.

CELESTIAL Maid! whose influence benign
" Can soothe the wrinkled brow of pining Care,"
And bid the suff'rer half his woes resign,
Nor yield his thoughts to comfortless despair.

At thy command reviving Hope returns,
And in the breast resumes her wonted reign;
While o'er the scene of woe soft Pity mourns...
Her melting anguish deepens ev'ry pain!

When Life's severest ills I hapless prove,
And sacred Friendship heaves the pensive sigh,
Then let thy soothing pow'r to aid me move...
That pow'r which bids each pointed sorrow fly!
While, erst to grief consign'd, my anxious soul
Shall own the pleasures of thy kind controul!

20, *Dean Street, Southwark.* JOHN SHEPPARD, JUN.

LELIA.

OH! had I Titian's skill to trace
A picture without fault or flaw...
A perfect form, or perfect face...
I then would Lelia's portrait draw.

Or had I Milton's pow'r of song,
Where strength with melody combin'd,
I'd sing in numbers soft, yet strong,
The nobler graces of her mind:

For none but Titian's art could paint
Her eyes, her mouth, her shape, her air;...
His art alone could represent
So sweet a form...a face so fair.

And Milton's Muse alone can tell
Her graceful ease, her polish'd art...
Her soul, where all attractions dwell,
And prostrate lays the proudest heart!

ANACREON.

ODE XXIV.

TO all that breathe the airs of Heav'n
Some boon of strength has Nature giv'n;
When the majestic bull was born,
She fenc'd his brow with wreathed horn;
She arm'd the courser's foot of air,
And wing'd with speed the panting hare;
She gave the lion fangs of terror;
And, on the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While, for the umbrage of the grove,
She plum'd the warbling world of love.
To man she gave the flame refin'd,
The spark of Heav'n...a thinking mind.
And had she no surpassing treasure
For thee, O woman!...child of Pleasure?
She gave thee beauty...shaft of eyes
That ev'ry shaft of war out-flies;
She gave thee beauty...blush of fire,
That bids the flames of war retire.
Woman! be fair...we must adore thee;
Smile...and a world is weak before thee!

HASSAN, THE PERSIAN LOVER.

EACH gale that dips its scented wing
In bells of dewy flowers,
Has lent the rosy hand of Spring
Sweet buds and balmy showers,

To

To gem the Morning's golden hair,
And cool the citron grove,
Where Hassan fills the wanton air
With sighs of *hopeless* love!

For ev'ry aromatic shade
Has heard poor Hassan sigh,
While stars, that o'er Love's altar play'd,
Like virgin meteors die!

Since the false Azza mocks my pain,
I'll quit the roseate vale,
Where blushing almonds bloom in vain,
To check the whisp'ring gale;

That bids me from cold beauty fly,
From grots and mossy dell,
Where sullen streams flow murm'ring by
The love-lorn Hassan's cell!

They seem to chide this fond delay
Which bids me linger here,
To chill the blooming sweets of May
With Sorrow's icy tear!

Some mountain cave I'll quickly seek,
That's wet with baneful dew;
Or trace some desert, wild and bleak,
Where wild-flow'rs never blew;

And, when the dawn is overcast,
O'er dang'rous rocks I'll stray,
While horror howls in ev'ry blast,
And lightnings round me play!

Then, chance, the friendly hand of Death
May stop life's ebbing tide;
And saints who caught my dying breath
Will weep where Hassan died!

For Love's fierce pangs, which warm the breast,
E'en *holy* bosoms prove;
And hearts which ne'er those pangs confest
Ne'er shar'd an angel's love.

Cambridge. W. M.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Pie-bald.

NEW CHARADE.

FROM A GENTLEMAN TO A LADY.

THOUGH Genius and Learning should jointly combine,
Their efforts could never extend,
If my First did not cipher each eloquent line,
And prove to the printer a friend.

And, ah !---dear Eliza ! without its kind aid
How should I my passion disclose ?
For when I am with you I feel quite afraid
To reveal the soft source of my woes.

My Second I am ;---and would, my dear Maid,
You'd take but my Second for life :
My Whole is an author---yet be not afraid
That he'll have cynic ways to his wife.

Correspondence, &c.

The Old Woman *is unavoidably deferred.*

The Story of Richard Plantagenet *has been printed in fifty publications before. The author of the article in which this story is introduced is very able, and, we hope, will be willing, to furnish us with* original composition.—*We cannot, in future, ensure insertion to extracts from well-known books.*

We have cheerfully complied with the request of Miss Anna G.

L. E. *will see that the ground of her remonstrance is removed ; and we trust that she will find the* Museum *considerably* enlivened *by the change.*

We take no part in family feuds.—Frater, *of course, is inadmissible.*

The Letter of Cornelia *is very flattering.—It deserves and has our best thanks.*

Many poetical favours are postponed for want of room.

INDEX

BRITISH MUSEUM 28 NOV 46

INDEX

TO THE ESSAYS, ANECDOTES, &c. IN THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

A

Amazon, the German, 258, the British, 259
Anecdotes, 46, 95, 116, 248, 249, 312
Aphorism, by Lavater, 336

B

Barber, a female, 261
Barriff, Miss, cruel case of her seduction by Mr. Hollamby, 343
Birth-day, on the court-fashions of, 189
Blanc mange, to make, 351
Bond Street loungers' wonderful cure, 81
Bon mot of a second wife, 45
Butter, to preserve it sweet the whole year, 62

C

Cabinet of Fashion, 61, 133, 204, 277, 351, 417
Cards, on the passion for, 262
Children, rules [ironical] to be observed in the education of, 228
Chimney Sweeper; or, the School for Levity, 38, 85, 157, 229, 301, 367
Christmas gambol, 192
Clairon, Madame, account of, 1, 239
Consumptive persons, a recipe for, 278
Coquette, one characterized by herself, 326
Correspondents, acknowledgments to, 72, 144, 216, 288, 360, 426
Cucumber soup, to make, 352

D

Death, on the foreknowledge of, 113
———of a daughter, letter to the Countess of Essex on, 267
Deception, a humorous one, 84
Dog, interesting account of that animal, 8. Anecdote of one, 119
Dreamer, the, 47

F

Fair sex, an Egyptian compliment to, 45
———— a vindication of, 53
———— advice to, 96
———— honourable patterns of, 109
———— a suggestion to save them from misery, 112
———— on ceremony and affectation in, 154
Female Mentor, 32, 176
Furze-cutter, the, 24

G

Genlis. See Sillery.
Gessner, account of the life and writings of, 253
Gnat, receipts for the bite of a, 278
Griffith, Mrs. Elizabeth, correction of an error in our account of [Vol. VII. p. 145], 258

H

Hayley, William, Esq. memoirs of 73

High-birth, on the advantages of, 187
Huntingdon, anecdote of the late Countess of, 249
I
Inspector, No. XVII. 97
K
King George III. anecdote of at Weymouth, 274
Kleist, a German Poet, account of, 319
Knight, an Irish innkeeper made one, 404
L
Lap-dog, adventures of a, 169, 241, 337, 363
"Leonora," on the origin of that poem, 322
Light-headedness in fevers, simple remedy for, 312
Liverpool, from the young ladies of, to the body corporate, 191
M
Marriage, difference between wedding and, 331
"Marvellous Pleasant Love Story" vindicated, 12
Misella, sketch of her life and death, 313, 382
Montesquieu, remarkable anecdote of, 389
N
Nipples, sore, how to treat them, 36
O
Old Woman, No. XLII. 2 [Observations on No. XLI. 28], XLIII. 75, XLIV. 146, XLV. 219, XLVI. 292
Owl, apostrophe to the, 151
Oysters, to pickle, 352
P
Passions, on the, 106
Peace, a hasty effusion on the preliminaries being signed, 152
Pimples in the face, &c. a sovereign remedy for, 62
Pulcheria, her character, 384
Pupil, the, 102
Q
Queen Charlotte, memoirs of, 289
R
Rats, useful information concerning them, 193
Riches, singular instance of their insufficiency to confer happiness, 325
Ring, the, 120
Roseville Cottage, 10, 238
Russia, anecdotes of the Emperor Alexander of, 116
S
School of Arts, No. XXXVIII. 62, XXXIX. 134, XL. 278, XLI. 351
Seduction, caution against the arts of, 343
Serious Thoughts, No. I. 313, II. 382
Severn Vale; or, the History of Matilda Maden, 21, 122, 178, 249, 297, 393
Sevigné, Marquise de, account of, 217
Sillery, Marquise de, memoirs of, 145
Spasms, a remedy for, 312
Sprain of the foot or hand, a cure for, 134
Stage-coach, eccentricities displayed in one, 13
T
Talisman of Truth, an oriental tale, 327, 410
Theatricals, 55, 129, 200, 274, 346, 415
Thuilleries, &c. description of, 361
U
Village Gossip, No. X. 50, XI. 92, XII. 165, XIII. 224, XIV. 309, XV. 377

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BRITISH MUSEUM 28 NOV 46